HOME OF THE DRAMATIC ART

GREAT LENTEN JUBILEE

A Lyrical Comedy in Three Acts

Mrs. Carrie Nation in New Haven

...OR...

The Axe and What Goes With It Far From Home

CLASS OF 1902

. . . Crumbs from the Dog Wagon . . .

Nig Hammond will see that Bill Herrick does not whisper during the performance, as the scenery isn't up very firm.

Gus Schwab is especially commissioned to catch any snow that may leak through the roof.

If the orchestra plays too loud, speak to the leader.

Handcuffs and chains are provided for the bald-headed row.

Be in your seats promptly, as the Company goes into action at 10.30 sharp.

N. B. There will be a raffle on the dog after the show. Ah, go on now, take a chance.

The management takes great pleasure in announcing that the ROOF GARDEN is now open for business, and that there is no fear of falling through any of the formerly dangerous pores.

The play was concocted by inmate Hells Wastings in a temporary fit of insanity, in collusion with Buffalo Kimball and Carrie Noyes. The lovely lyrics were evolved by the eminent musician, Buff, and the stage business was perpetrated by Brother Noyes. Everybody gave advice. The scenery was painted by Michael Angelo and the keg supplied by the W. C. T. U. The same old Piano is the only one used in this Opera House.

If this play you have survived,
We hope that you will be long lived.

. . . The Committee . . .

J. CUYLER KIMBALL.

GEORGE W. NOYES.

WELLS S. HASTINGS.

THOMAS C. CUSHING.

JOHN R. HALL.

ACT I.

SCENE IV. (Three scenes are omitted.)

The trunk-*room at the station* (not police). The long Bursar gives a short musical cataleptic, held up by the bar-keeps, stating his well-known partiality to booze. The near arrival of the Great Mrs. Nation is announced.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Poteat and the dear sons who have accepted the alternative. Really wonderfully acted enthusiasm over the news of Carrie D. Nation.

And now the Cocktail Sisters trip on. Cries of "*Whee*" from the bald-headed row will be resented by the company.

But look here, at last is the one and only Carrie and her Little Hatchet. This is where everybody gets a chance. The curtain is dropped for a bit to let the audience get their breath with the aid of the keg. Five minutes will be reserved for refreshments.

ACT II.

SCENE—The Green, New Haven, Conn.

TIME—The day before yesterday, 4.30 P. M.

The soliloquy of Mrs. Nation. Here come the young Poteats. Short and spirited dialogue between Fauntleroy and Archibald, resulting in a draw.

During the subsequent confusion Archibald sings a song, to which Mrs. Nation lends a helping arm.

In come two warm drinks, the Cocktail Sisters, and a Lyric follows.

The Bursar strolls in, closely followed by the bar-keeps, who keep the eye pealed on him. Then comes Papa Poteat and the bar-keeps triumph.

Grand rough house follows. Mrs. Nation sings her song denouncing husbands, and again the curtain drops and shuts off the rosy-fingered foot-lights.

ACT III.

SCENE—Mory's.

TIME—Night before yesterday, 8.30.

Bar-keeps and Poteat Brothers discovered sucking up booze.

Louis Linder is so disheartened over the near appearance of Mrs. Nation that he almost gives up hope in this town or in the next to come.

At this critical minute up jumps Archibald's dog, Cigarette, who is supposed to be a regular woman-hater. But don't be afraid, people, he never bites anybody but defenseless women and children, and you will like him. The bar-keeps buy Cigarette for a safeguard against Mrs. Nation.

Enter the Cocktail Sisters and the Brothers Poteat in disguise as Mrs. Nation, Mrs. Poteat and the two husky followers. Another bewitching rough house. The bar-keeps meet a check which they don't wait to cash. Enter the Real Thing in the smashing line, but unfortunately a bit to the worse. Every moment full (and over half the company). The Cripple Creek Bandits retire only in time to keep the curtain from getting the drop on them.

MR. POTEAT. No happy little home has he. His life is hard. Watch his career,

EDWIN BOOTH HASTINGS

THE BURSAR. He really runs the place. Though he talks through his whiskers, stand in with him, boys! - - - - - - - - - FIELD SKINNER

TOTTIE AND DOTTIE, Cocktail Sisters. They were trapped while asleep on a bench in Edgewood Park, London. They were loaned by special permission of the Geological Society of Bridgeport, - - - - - - ALL WRIGHT AND YODLING YUNG

JAKE. A royal "Touch-me-not" of the first water. His place is near by, - - WEBBER TROXELL

LOUIS LINDER. His engagement to Carrie Nation is rumored. You'll know him. His face is flushed with wine, - - - - - - PHI BETA KAPPA COX

POP NIEDEPLUME. A model hotel proprietor. Notice his pleasing manner. His voice delights, his form charms, - - - - - - SLITZ KREMENTZ

HOLLOW LEG HARRY. Has just returned from abroad, where he has been upon a visit with the bosom friend of Albert not Prince of Wales, - - - - FRONT HALL

ALL NIGHT AUSTIN, the partner of Harry. They travel in parlor cars only. See the porter dust them off, - - - - - - - "B. CAUSE" RUMSEY

Oh, yes, and a dog named ϕ Cigarette will make his bow now.

Baggagemen, Porters, Green Loafers, Sweeps, Barmaids, and what-not, by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Company.

Weeping Miller has kindly consented to tickle the horse teeth.

THE MANAGEMENT TAKES PLEASURE

IN ANNOUNCING

The First Appearance

OF THE

Following Well-Known Artists.

MRS. CARRIE NATION, otherwise known as Lizzie Firewater. The girl who made Milwaukee famous. Always up against the bar, - - - - GEE, WOODWARD NOYES

MRS. POTEAT, Chambermaid to the Queen. Puts all the other cards in the deck to shame. When you see her you will love her, - - - - - - TOUGH OX HYDE

FAUNTLEROY POTEAT. He is a big, powerful man but he won't hurt you. Formerly with the "Kneiselets," - - - - - - - DE RESKE SPALDING

ARCHIBALD POTEAT. You will think of Orpheus when you hear him sing. Take some of his choice notes home for souvenirs as they float out upon you, E. ANTELOPE KIMBALL

HAIL TO Φ

Here's a health to our time-honored Φ,
Where our life-lasting friendships began,
Where the friendship between you and I
Is a friendship of man to man.
Then up with you, lads, hand to hand,
And cheer till the echoes shake the rafter.
Cheer Δ. K. E. *as we stand,*
And may the cheers
Ring in our ears forever after.